

The most Illustrious Prince Fredericke, by the grace of God King of Bohemia, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Prince Elector Duke of Bavaria, Marquis of Moravia, Duke of Silesia, Marquis of Lusatia, &c. And of the High and mighty Princess Elizabeth his Queene.



Thou Metropolitan City of the States,
Of famous Bohem, Joy be in thy Gates:
Let all the silver tuned Instruments
Echo, from off thy Ancient battlements,
An universal harmony of Joy,
Sent downe from Heav'n, in midst of thine annoy:
May, in the ayre! eternall musick dwell,
That echoes from thy now Triumphant bell,
Which beating on Moldavia's smoothed streame,
With a sweete murmur, may report the Theme
Of thy great Happines, and tell Silesia,
Moravia, Luttenberg, Lusatia,
And great Bavaria, and let them tell
It, to the world, as farre as Christians dwell.
And thou (O fame) be perfect woman now,
Use all thy Tongues, weare them, and we doe vow,
When they are borne, and time hath made them olde,
They shall be ripe againe, with Indian Golde:
Goe fame, and tell the world, the Prophesse
Of ancient Sybill, now, is proud no lye:
Capistran did affirme what shee did sing,
And Heaven confirms it, FRIDERICKE now is King
Elected of Bohemia, give G D praise,
He sent him thee, to bring thee halcion dayes,
To take thee by the hand, and manumit
Thee from thy servitude, to plucke the Wit
Of too hard Curbe, from out thy tender mouth,
And free thee, from the slaverte of the South:
How may thy Dead, in peace possesse their Tombes,
Thy Babes be borne, not come from out the wombes
Of their distressed Mothers: Virgins, now,
As pure as Innocencie, pay the Dow
Promitt their husbands beds, no curst slave,
Shall ravish bones from out the silent Graue
Of holy Martyrs; no damnd hand desile
Thy Sacred Temples; no foule tongue revile
Thy godly Ministers; all thy dayes bee
As was the first Prague when he entered thee:
Oh, then give thanks (all yee Bohemian States)
Ye bringes a Jubile within your Gates.
They all oppugne the Heavens Divinitie,
Who say there is no influence from the skie
On earthly bodies, for they now may see
The Sonne in Leo: can there, can there bee

A more remarkable intelligence,
In this Election of Heavens providence
To proue Heavens hand therein, I this may bring,
One Month, one Day, saw him first when, first King:
Say more, the Month that beares an Emperors name,
Proounceth what hee, added to fame:
When he was Crown'd, the glory of the Skies
Disfol'd two Whiles, gave him two victories.
The Lyon of the Tribe of Leah's Sonne,
Was in the midst of you, when this was done.
(Graue Statesmen of Bohemia) which did guide
You in Election, of so good a Guide,
And did inspire you to chooseth him alone,
Whose power can adde more Lyons to your owne:
And to this Pythagorian nom ber, foure,
He may have furtherance from the Lyons more:
Lyons like those, with Daniel, in the Den,
Sparing the good, consuming wicked men:
And in the field, when you defend your Right,
A Lyon leads you, then, who dares not fight?
This Lyon comes for to protect, with Sword,
The holy Gospel, Iudah's Lyons worde:
Hus, Luther, Caluin, in your Armes reioyce,
Gods word doth propagate, by Frederick's choyce;
You are the chere, holde by the word of G D,
And Heaven doth joy in you, a number odd:
Hus (worthy euen of Characters of Golde)
That Gospels truth to you, did first, unfold,
Taught him in England, when as there did shine
A renown'd Searre, Wycliffe that great Divine:
Whose Scholler Hus was, in Duintie,
At Oxford, the whole worlds best Purcrite:
And loe, the Truth, that 'mongst you doth remaine,
A Sonne of Englands comes for to maintaine
A worthy Husse, a true Ziska hee,
(Ance'd in Religions true integritie)
Gods foes shall feare, as much, where he doth come,
As if that Ziska's shin were on his Dune:
See how the Shaelings posse away, amaine,
As if that Ziska's Dune were come againe!
Goe on (haue Prince) goe on, and neuer Cease,
Until the warre make a true blessed Peace,
Promitt to thee by happy Auguries
Unheard of heretofore; A swaine of Bees

Following thy Armie, in so colde a time
As is October, and so colde a Clime,
Foretels us plainly, that, in sight of Fate,
True Peace, and Plenty shall attend thy State:
And which more force of argument doth giue,
The Hony-birds, being taken, yet doe live:
Oh, I could comment all my life, away,
Upon the Augurie was seene, that day,
That men by their owne Industry shall thrive,
Each Souldiers Helmet shall be made a Hue:
And that each Subiect best shall please the King,
That, to this Hue, doth wake and Hony bring:
And that the King will banish from his Throne,
Is one abhor'd, the asl-consuming Drone;
And that the world may know, Bohemia's King,
Hath Hony for his friends, for foes a King.
Relate (my Muse) and doe not let me mis,
Another Augurie, as great as this,
That day wherein he entered, first, the Prague,
(A City much infected with the Plague)
No Christian there, to Death, Deaths due did giue,
Where did three hundred thousand Christians live:
Which helmes a generall suffrage, all did pray
(He seemes) that they might live to see that Day.
And yet a third, no lesse then were those two,
And more auspicious, if you marke it too,
For neare that very time (as we may deeme)
That he was borne, who did the world deeme,
The King and Queene sitting to Dine together,
The Queene rose sodainly and went whither
The Muse tels, for (Dinner hardly done)
The Ladies brought the King a goodly Sonne:
Whose quick, deliuerance, plainly doth declare,
The Prince made halt to brach Bohemian ayre;
A welcome dish of fruit, may see have such
Gods plenty, since her Name imports so much.
Psal: 72.
Oh God, that hast this glorious worke begun,
Thy Judgements to the King, giue to his Sonne
Thy righteousness, and so with equitie
See how thy people Judge, with Loyaltie
They him obey, so shall he safely Reign
Where, and in Heaven, a Crowne eternall gaine.
F A S S D.